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Students of Bryn Mawr College

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

FEBRUARY 18, 1993



U.S. needs to change immigration laws

by Tamara Rozental

Everything in President Clinton's campaign seemed to indicate the immediate necessity for change. First it was the economy, then the health care system, and now, with the Zoë Baird and Kimba Wood controversies, it is obvious that the country's immigration laws need to be modified. The 1986 Simpson-Rodino bill made it illegal for Americans to hire undocumented workers. Employer sanctions were enforced with the purpose of reducing the labor market for foreigners and thus limiting the number of immigrants. However, the new immigration law has by no means achieved its goal.

With more and more women involved in their professional lives, American families have developed a desperate need

for domestic workers that can't be found in the local labor pool. Currently, 1.5 million families are estimated to require domestic help and the majority breaks the law in order to provide suitable care for their children. Workers seeking low wage jobs are rarely competing with Americans and, thus, don't affect the local labor demand or supply. Now that the problem has finally captured national attention, it seems appropriate to suggest a radical revision of the immigration policies. If United States authorities stopped killing and mistreating foreigners at the border and granted them legal residence, women like Zoë Baird or Kimba Wood could focus on their professional careers without trivial matters such as nannies and chauffeurs standing in their way.

Sex discrimination in the workplace: it happens in the White House too

by Emily Bass

President Clinton has spent much of the past three weeks trying and failing to confirm a nominee for the position of United States Attorney General. The three nominees to date: Zoë Baird, Kimba Wood, and Janet Reno, have lent credence to Clinton's promise to build an administration staff which looks "more like America".

The nominations have made an important statement about the legitimacy and capability of women in government. They have also uncovered a mess of problems, not the least of which is a pervasive lack of vocabulary about women's issues which will not be solved by an equitable distribution of appointments.

Problems arose with Zoë Baird, Clinton's first nominee, when it came out that she had broken the law by hiring Peruvian aliens, and had failed to pay Social Security taxes for them.

Then came Kimba Wood, a New York judge, whose nomination was heralded one day and withdrawn the next in a head spinning White House turn-around. Wood was asked to withdraw because she had employed illegal aliens prior to

1986, when it was still legal to do so.

On February 12, Janet Reno was nominated. Reno is a prosecutor from Miami and, incidentally, is childless. She has already been rigorously questioned on immigration issues. If her nomination fails it will not be because of a "Zoë Baird" or "Nannygate" problem.

Zoë Baird violated a law and was held accountable for her actions. This in itself is fair and unremarkable. But Baird's violation was committed in part to secure child care, and while critics may squawk about the rich and famous being caught pinching pennies, the fact is that child care is universally scarce. And whether it is the Baird family, or a family on welfare, it is always the mother's responsibility to confront the challenge.

Twenty years ago, then-Deputy Attorney General William Ruckelshaus was discovered to have employed an improperly documented woman as household help. Ruckelshaus's defense was that his wife had made the arrangements. The story fizzled out. In hearings, Zoë Baird repeatedly answered that her husband had done the hiring, and she lost the nomination. Yes, she should have as-

see "Nannygate" on page 2

Glen Ridge proves Rape Shield law no shield at all

by Arati Vasan

Two witnesses say that one young man held her legs up in the air while the other inserted the broom handle into her vagina, manipulating it by the bristle end. This was only after she had already been sodomized and raped by a thin plastic baseball bat and a stick. But what happened that afternoon on March 1, 1989 in a family basement recreation room was only the beginning. The cold and callous brutality of the incident was only the first of what have been unceasing acts of violation and humiliation. It's a series so reprehensible that some would find the use of the word criminal too easy, yet society chooses another name; a rape trial. It has displayed all that is vile and disgusting not only about our legal system, but the way in which we treat other human beings and our concern for human rights.

The trial of four young, former high-school football players from Glen Ridge, NJ accused of raping the aforementioned young woman has quietly yet relentlessly been brought to the public eye in the 17 weeks since the trial began sometime in October. The media interest comes not from the acts themselves, abhorrent as they may seem in some eyes, but from the status of the victim. The woman was a mentally retarded 18 year old with an I.Q. of 65. Thus, while rape in and of itself becomes yesterday's news, when you

add a mildly retarded plaintiff, all-american defendants and kinky sex, there finally is a story.

In reading about the trial in the papers for months now, one is struck by its playground atmosphere. The seven lawyers involved in the case resemble little boys all fighting to see who can climb to the top of the monkey bars first. It would almost be funny if they were not stepping on people's lives to get there. Almost no one is doubting the facts of what happened. Anyone reading about the

"If rape shield laws were seen as a means of protecting both the accuser and the accused, perhaps both sides would have a vested interest in maintaining them."

trial could spit them out on command. The question once again surrounds the age old notion of consent. The prosecution contends that the young woman was mentally incapable of making an informed, consenting decision regarding the sexual acts, and only engaged in them out of fear and peer pressure combined with a perverse need for approval and affection.

As defense lawyers, their options are few but incredibly powerful. Law students might say the attorneys did the only thing they could have; they victimized the victim. For seventeen weeks, the public has been treated to an up close look at how a woman's very essence can

be stripped away from her and exposed for public scrutiny and mockery. The lawyers were quite shrewd, starting with a "reality check" on the true level of her mental capacity, then proceeding to show how she was nothing but a sexual aggressor who was not only able to give consent but actually enjoyed all of the acts involved. As one defense attorney put it, "she has an insatiable need to satisfy herself through sex."

This was one of many of the highlights of the trial, which continued its descent

by putting the woman's psychologist on the stand to relate conversations the two had had about the victim's impressions and feelings about sex. Exact details about her level of sexual experience and her feelings about them were laid out for public consumption and then eventually turned against her. In his closing argument, one defense attorney said, "In all my years, I have never heard a woman acknowledge how tender you have to be during fellatio."

Probably the pinnacle or nadir of the trial, if you will, came during this past week. During the cross examination of the young woman's mother, the attorney for the man accused of inserting the

broom stick turned the blame on her, saying that as a result of her daughter's unhappy and dysfunctional home life she had an acquired an unhealthy sexual appetite which led to the incident in the basement. "The one word I got sick of hearing—she's vulnerable," he said, "what did you do about her vulnerability—you did not warn anybody. You share part of the blame." One wonders if he expected the mother to put a sign on her daughter saying "Danger: voracious sexual appetite." The lawyer continued by saying, "...Bottom line, if it wasn't these boys it would have been others." One's mind screams out "It does not matter either way if she did not consent at that particular time." Yet no one is really listening.

There was a time when it seemed that society was waking up to the fact that women were essentially being raped twice, once by the offender and then again by the criminal justice system. So the rape shield laws were created in the latter half of the 70's and early 80's. The laws were designed to prevent an accuser's past sexual history and sexual reputation from being used as evidence and argument in rape cases. Only Utah, according to the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund, does not now have any type of rape shield law or provision for protection of rape victims.

Yet as is often the case with the legal see "Glen Ridge" on page 3

Black History Month pp 6-7

also... A ride through Philly that will really move you, p8

EDITORS' CORNER

First and foremost: a million thanks go out to everyone who attended our tea last Friday. There was indeed stimulating intellectual conversation and much frolicking. We welcome all new converts to our staff.

We are also extremely grateful to everyone who took the time to write on our comment board. Your ideas have proved and will continue to prove quite helpful.

To everyone on campus who is ill: we really hope you feel better soon. Drink plenty of liquids and stay warm!

The College News thanks the Bryn Mawr community for making it a 12-pager this time. We appreciate your interest and support. We extend our sincerest apologies to Jennifer Mosher, Becca Shapley and Ranya Sihweil, whose articles we were unable to print because of a system error.

And remember: one secure venue of communication on our campus is our newspaper. Use it!

MISS TEEN ALL AMERICAN PAGEANT SEEKS PENNSYLVANIA REPRESENTATIVES

A limited number of Delegates-at-Large will be accepted for the Fifteenth Annual MISS TEEN AMERICAN PAGEANT. This is the premiere National Pageant for teenagers in America!... The 1993 MISS TEEN ALL AMERICAN will be staged Thursday, August 5th through Sunday, August 8th, 1993 at the magnificent Miami Airport Hilton & Marina in sunny Miami, Florida.

No performing talent is required. All judging at the Pageant is on the basis of poise, personal interview and beauty of face and figure.

To qualify as a Delegate-at-Large, a young woman must be age 13 through 19 as of August 1st, 1993; never married and a U.S. resident. To apply, send a recent photo along with your name, address, telephone

number and date of birth by fax and Mail to: National Headquarters Dept. A Miss Teen All American Pageant, 603 Schrader Ave. Wheeling, WV 26003-9619.

Miss Teen All American 1993 will receive a fabulous Prize Package that includes a Personal Appearance Contract, Cash, Jewelry, Luggage, a Fur Coat and more! The judging panel in Florida will include representatives from the TV/Film Industry and Modeling Agency Personnel. Many of our Winners have signed with major agencies and enjoy careers as TV and film stars, international models and spokespersons.

Application deadline is February 20, 1993.



Words from the outside: an alumna discusses future anxiety

by Rachel Winston

Rachel Winston '91, majored in English (at Haverford) and now works as a Writer/researcher for the Association of Science-Technology Centers in Washington, D.C.

It was about this time in the semester two years ago that I seriously began to think about looking for a job after graduation. And then I began to panic. It's not as if I hadn't considered, previous to February of my Senior year, the prospect of finding a job after graduation; but it wasn't until February that I felt the first of many anxiety attacks that would characterize the remainder of my final semester at Bryn Mawr.

Let's face it, for many Mawrtys who opt not to go directly to graduate school, Commencement is not the end of the semester sundae social it's made out to be. Finding a job in a strong economy is

daunting enough, but conducting a job search in during a recession is down right terrifying. Or, so it seemed to me during the long, dark February of my Senior year.

After two years in the post-Bryn Mawr world, I am happy to report that the job search process for a Senior, while rarely effortless, can be made a whole lot easier by using the resources available on campus and by keeping a few salient facts in mind.

Step One: Building a bridge of popsicle sticks. It was during the month of February that I began having a recurring dream in which I found myself in a forced march toward the edge of a cliff overlooking a dark canyon. Clearly, I thought, the canyon represented my future and the march toward the edge of the cliff signaled the passage of time before graduation day. Needless to say, I didn't get

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Zoë Baird: victim of the double standard

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summed full responsibility and culpability for her violation, but not because she is a woman, and not because it occurred in the domestic arena.

In a kind of retroactive confession, recently confirmed cabinet member Ron Brown disclosed that he too had failed to pay taxes on household help. George Stephanopoulos has announced that such violations constitute grounds for disqualification of seeking jobs with the administration. These actions muffle but do not silence the thud of a double standard striking again.

In Judge Wood's case, there was no violation. Rather than recognizing this along with the urgent issue of child care availability, the White House spun the story so that Wood appeared to have misrepresented the nature and legality of her actions. Four days after she withdrew she had to issue a statement, uncontested by the White House, reiterating the propriety of her actions.

She should not have had to defend herself. Residual tension might very well have complicated Wood's confirmation. But forcing the withdrawal of a fine candidate without acknowledging the true underlying issues is graceless and worse. It begs the question of how any approach to health care and social re-

form can succeed without comprehensive recognition of the traditionally private and unspoken problems left to women as working mothers, battered partners, and concerned sisters.

There are so many layers to the problem. Politically correct (?) news coverage lambasted Senator Diane Feinstein for questioning Zoë Baird "as if she were Bob Packwood". Given that Feinstein and many others were harsh on the nominee, why are women expected to rise to the occasion with empathetic responses on the child care issue? On the other hand, how can women speak across the class lines which have been thrown into relief as corporate lawyer-mothers attempt to explain their struggles to the unemployed, and to women with little or no income?

It is heartening to see these issues played out on a national level where they can demand recognition and start dialogue between previously isolated identity groups. But it is exhaustingly frustrating to see good women go down as casualties of poorly facilitated discussion. At least Janet Reno is not the safe choice of an old white political insider male. So far what we know about her is that she speaks her mind and canoes for miles and miles to let off steam. She is a qualified wild woman. Just what we need.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

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Dedicated to

moody weather, leftover candy

The deadline for the next issue of *The College News* is Friday, February 26, at 5 p.m. Letters and articles should be left in front of our Denbigh office or put in our mailbox (c-1716). All submissions should be on a Mac disk; disks will be returned (we promise). We will accept articles written by women and letters from men. All opinions expressed in articles and letters are those of the authors only and are not representative of the opinions of the Ed board. Come to the Thursday night meetings at 9:00 p.m., or call one of the editors if you are interested in contributing to the news.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE: The College News is a feminist newsjournal which serves as a source of information and self-expression for the Bryn Mawr community. Recognizing that feminism is a collective process, we attempt to explore issues of interest to all women, both as members of this college and of the larger world community. Through this continuing dialogue, we seek to promote communication and understanding and to foster self-confidence and independence in expression.

Epiphany of a College News editor: we are lost without you

by Laura Brower

"You have all this money and don't do a damn interesting thing with it. Be creative! Be exciting! Entertain me!" G. '93

I have taken upon my poor humble self the task to respond to such criticisms of our precious College News, only to cite a few others: "It may be a feminist newspaper, but it might attempt not to be quite so blatantly manipulative and one-sided," (HB '96) and another, "It's not a newspaper in the sense that it's objective—it's anything but—the publication is merely a left-wing feminist forum," (JS '94).

Many have offered very helpful remarks that we will certainly and gratefully take into account. My concern is over these sorts of remarks and the misconceptions that are behind them.

We never were or intend to be a "newspaper" in the sense that, say, *The Bi-College News* is. We are a feminist news journal and that makes an enormous difference. Please read our statement of intent, and don't ask us to be objective. It doesn't make much sense. Journalism does not exist without an agenda. Our contributors make no false claims, practice no hypocritical denial of the inevitable subjectivity of writing. At least that honesty should be appreciated and recognized. Besides, can we ask our contributors to write what they don't feel. "Hey! Please go out and write about the virtues of green tennis shoes with pink polka dots?" If we have received no submissions from conservatives on campus, it is because so far, they have been unwilling to express their dissenting views. We are working on trying to convince those women that their opinions are as important as anyone else's.

This being said, the ultimate question remains: why are we here? Ideally, we serve as a forum of expression for the

community at large. You've heard that rhetoric before, let me guess. The point is, *The College News* has an incredible potential that has not as of yet been fully explored. We are free to make of the paper whatever we want it to be. I dream to see the day when Mawrters will pick up the paper and find the issues that concern them the most confronted head on. I dream to see the day the paper will serve a central role in the community, by hitting every single member flat in the face, so that none will walk away unchallenged, unaffected, uncaring. Of course, I'm full of sweet illusions.

This is all well and fine. But, it indeed seems that the paper is not that significant right now (judging from the remarks on the comment board), or that dynamic. If you can remember that far back, maybe these words will sound vaguely familiar. "Take a look at the plea from the editors of the Bi-College for greater involvement to keep that going, listen to the groans of '...so much work...,' glance through this issue of *The College News* and notice the few pieces of meaningful, challenging profound prose from the members of this community. And note that there is no front page—that is because there were no articles to put on the front page after the sections had been filled."

anu jain, the former College News co-editor, impelled into motion by intense frustration thus expressed her feelings in the October 29, 1992 issue. Maybe you chose to call that editorial a "guilt-trip" imposed on the community; then again, maybe she struck a raw cord in you.

I'm not here to express similar emotions, not by any means. Not that you care about my declarations of love, but I love *The College News* with all my heart (perfectly corny) and bring most of my enthusiasm and energy to it. We've been losing our writers; articles have become shorter; the same topics come up over and over again. A tear comes to the eye.

The bottom line, though, is: we are not a paper if we don't have writers. If we don't have writers, we won't have readers and the paper will be plain dead. Makes perfect sense, right? Ergo, we need writers and we need them badly. We accept submissions from any women, any member of the community (only letters from men). We don't fool around with your writing. We respect the integrity of your written word, but we do correct spelling and blatant grammatical errors. So many of you are marvelous, amazing people (now, the flattery technique) with opinions that are more than valuable. Erika and I are doing our very best to reach out to you. Campus wide stuffers, a tea, a comment board etc. We need you; we want you.

As a paper, we also need to do some serious cogitation over the direction in which we're going. Who cares about what our contributors have to say? Do our readers give a shit? Are we just fooling ourselves into believing that what we write isn't mere boring gibberish? The entire editorial board is going to sit here and think. What aren't we addressing seriously? What are we avoiding? Can't we move away from only Bryn Mawr problems? The truism of the day is our world is changing quickly. As women, this is a time when we should keep our ears and eyes open to the world beyond Pembroke Arch. Yeah!

We are going to do our best to be a little more entertaining, but we also want to be more interesting.

As for accusations "that we take ourselves too seriously," a crime that I certainly have committed here, let me finish on a lighter note. Can I tell you how much fun we have putting this paper together? This is not a drag to us. This is where we meet some of the incredible individuals that become our friends. This dingy Denbigh Office is where we sit and talk and have a ball.



Glen Ridge Case

continued from p 1

system, laws are created for lawyers and judges to circumvent. Clearly the central argument in the Glen Ridge case are the young woman's past experience and reputation. Defense lawyers argue that a fair trial cannot occur without putting the accuser in context. Some judges agree and permit it to occur anyway, though one wonders if it is a result of their own appraisal of the woman in question rather than any legal justification. Certain states such as Connecticut and New York allow a judge to permit such argumentation if "it is in the best interest of justice."

Is it in the best interests of justice to blame a woman's family life for her being raped? Is there any justice in a Massachusetts case where a rape crisis center is being held in contempt of court for not turning over the psychological and counseling records of two rape victims to defense lawyers? The victims are two girls under the age of sixteen. Where is the justice in using previous consensual sex as a tacit approval for any all further sexual encounters?

Clearly, while these issues are not new and happen every day to victims with the courage to report their crimes, the means we have adopted to protect them are falling far short of their goal. Perhaps it is a result of the fact that no provisions are made for the accused. Why should anyone care about the accused when the accuser is treated so horribly? It is precisely because defense lawyers and their clients get backed into a corner and feel they have no other way out that they lash back at the victim. However, if rape shield laws were seen as a means of protecting both the accuser and the accused perhaps both sides would have a vested interest in maintaining them to their mutual advantage.

The reader might notice that no mention of the names of the accused were put into this article. Why? After all, their names and every detail of their lives are reiterated each day in the New York Times. There is no mention of them here because they have not been convicted of a crime as of yet and may not ever be. While personal feelings regarding their action may demand some judgement, there is no more reason to contribute to the damage in their lives than there is reason to contribute to the damage in the young woman's.

While no one would disagree that the psychological trauma inflicted upon a woman during a rape trial can be devastating, it is clear that the laws as they stand seem to open her up to more victimization by their very efforts to protect her. By attempting to equalize both the public and courtroom exposure of both the accused and the accuser's past experience and reputation, then perhaps less time will be spent trying to show women as merely lying in the beds they made for themselves.

(The author would like to acknowledge the New York Times for the factual information in her article)

"[Defense lawyers and their clients] feel that they have no other way out [and] lash back at the victim."

We must protect our right to dissent

by Erika Merschrod

The February issue of *Labyrinth* opens with these words on Audre Lord: "Through her life and her work she [Lord] has emphasized the need to honor each individual's experience while demanding that we confront our roles within power structures honestly, no matter how complex and painful the process. She has also demanded, of herself and others, that knowledge be translated into direct action, political and personal."

What a timely message for us here at Bryn Mawr as we battle with an issue that is very personal and yet affects the college community as a whole. On one level I am referring to a power structure which we create each year around the beginning of February and (hopefully) dismantle a few days later, but I am also referring to a power structure which seems to give some individuals the authority to impinge on others' rights. This latter structure is of primary interest to me because it will still be in question long after the Hell Week discussion dies down.

Proposition: a woman writes a note expressing her personal opinion and places the note in people's mailboxes. There is one catch: she has neglected to sign her name. Big boo-boo. This is said to be rude and inconsiderate, an intrusion on people's personal space and personal right to privacy, bordering on harassment, threatening. There isn't any way of reprimanding her directly because no one knows who she is, but I'm sure she can figure out on her own that she should have signed her note. Why did she do it? Why didn't she follow the accepted procedure for change on campus by proposing a plenary resolution or at least by waiting until Hell Week was over to bring it up? Obviously the "ac-



cepted procedure" wasn't a structure within which she could work to reach reform.

A lot of reforms have been put into place in recent years, but those reforms have been a double edged sword serving to make people complacent about Hell Week as well as making Hell Week a better tradition. Had the campus not been "scared" into action by the potential exposure of the secrets of Hell Week, a plenary resolution might not have been proposed this year. Our power structure is in great need of revamping, but it may take a revolution of sorts to set that renewal in motion. Perhaps that revolution has begun with the Hell Week "fiasco" and the dialogue that it has promoted. But we can't stop there, because the problem goes much further than people writing anonymous notes.

Proposition: a stuffer is removed from mailboxes. Big no-no. It is said that the stuffer was not placed in the mailboxes during normal stuffing hours, but since a written record is not kept by the mailroom staff of who enters to stuff during stuffing hours, no one can be certain that the stuffer wasn't stuffed according to regulation. No one at the Campus Center information desk saw anyone stuffing

mailboxes from the outside, so there really isn't any basis for this accusation of disregarding mailroom stuffing policy. This is moot, in any case, because the removal of the note was prompted less by a desire to uphold mailroom stuffer hours and a whole lot more by the content of the note. Wouldn't you say that the removal of the note because of its content is a blatant disregard for the author's personal right to free speech? I would. What kind of power structure condones this kind of behavior? Could it be the same power structure that condones the removal of approved-to-post signs because they belong to BGALA, a pro-life group, or a "conscientious" objector to Hell Week?

This all boils down to the abuse of personal and community power. "Honoring an individual's experience", to quote *Labyrinth* again, means not using one person's personal rights to usurp another's personal rights. It means not using membership in a community or power structure as authority to be the "moral majority" and impose the rules of the "majority" on people who find those rules morally objectionable.

While it's easy to say that someone is always going to object to or be hurt or offended by a given situation, we must not let this become an excuse for social inaction. We must overcome our fear of recognizing our place within a power construct, and then we must act upon our realizations. We must stop hiding behind majority decisions and "traditions" (in quotes to differentiate it from Traditions, which—we hope—embody the true Bryn Mawr spirit). A majority decision doesn't become a community decision until 100% of the community can live by it without compromising their personal moral code.

The proposed plenary resolution on Hell Week reform

by Diana Hortsch and Kelly Mueller

This year we have all witnessed intense conflict over Hell Week. This controversy, as well as our reservations about the structure of Hell Week, motivated us to write the Hell Week Reform Resolution. We believe that as a community we should not ignore our problems. However, the answer is not to abolish a tradition that so many people clearly value.

We have been encouraging students to read and discuss the resolution before coming to Plenary. We hope that by now most of you will have read it. In this article, we've tried to anticipate some questions you might have. Please contact us if you have questions we haven't addressed here. Kelly Mueller (C-1459) and Diana Hortsch (C-1042).

Are you trying to get rid of Hell Week? Absolutely not. But we do think that there are problems with it that need to be addressed. Every year, without fail, a number of people are hurt and many more are alienated or uncomfortable with their role in the tradition. We don't think these problems will go away without some work on our part to make Hell Week more inclusive.

But if it's so bad, why not get rid of it altogether? Let's not forget the wonderful intentions of Hell Week or the fact that so many people enjoy it. We don't have to abandon these goals to include people. We simply need to be creative.

Isn't the problem that just a few people abuse the tradition? Granted, some of the problems do lie with indi-

viduals who behave insensitively. But, in designing this resolution, we realized that the structure of Hell Week is also to blame.

We feel that this resolution will address both of these problems by changing the parts of the structure that may be offensive, as well as minimizing the potential for individual abuses.

What are the major revisions you propose? It's extremely difficult to explain our resolution in a few lines. We urge you to read it carefully, but here is a short summary.

We propose to distribute a Hell Week Bill of Rights, prohibit the use of loud music to enforce wake-up times, restructure the Taskmistress/Task-kee relationship, and replace trials with skits, awards ceremonies or similar creative theatrics. We propose to keep the current scheduling guidelines, but to limit the span of the Hell Week schedule to Wednesday through Saturday.

But what about the people who work so hard to make Hell Week a success? Unfortunately, under the current structure their efforts are often overshadowed by the controversy that surrounds the tradition. We deserve a tradition in which we can all welcome new students without reservation.

But isn't the point of a tradition that it doesn't change? Not really, especially not Hell Week. Before designing this resolution, we studied information from the archives and you wouldn't even recognize the Hell Week of 1943 or 1967. It

seems that about every ten years, changes have been made to make the tradition more humane. So actually our resolution is a continuation of a little known Hell Week tradition.

But trials are so much fun, why get rid of them? Trials are painful for many, both because they can be intimidating and because it is inappropriate to satirize an unjust legal system, especially at a time when we are struggling to address racial inequality in our judicial system. There are countless other ways to indulge our sense of humor and flair for the dramatic without offending anyone.

Why are you shortening the Hell Week schedule? Quite simply, to reduce stress for new students.

But isn't the best thing about Hell Week the build up of tension and then the big release? The best thing about the end of Hell Week is the surprise. Even though it has grown less rigorous over the years, freshmen seem to enjoy it just as much. Let's hope that next year with these revisions fewer new students will drop out of the tradition before we get the chance to fully welcome them.

What is the Hell Week Committee? The Hell Week Committee was created at Plenary two years ago to address abuses within the tradition. Its members have written Hell Week guidelines and are responsible for screening crimes and punishments. The committee members have done an excellent job. However, we

need to support their efforts by being willing to adopt a structure that is conducive to creativity rather than abuse.

If we adopt this resolution, we anticipate active participation by more of the community. You could play an integral part in the future of the tradition by serving on the Hell Week Committee.

Isn't Plenary going to last forever? That depends on you! In developing this resolution, we drew upon the personal experiences of many people. We did

this by participating in the Hell Week Forum, talking to friends and acquaintances, and holding an open campus meeting for suggestions on our first draft. This information was invaluable and we drafted our resolution with personal experiences, both positive and negative, in mind.

However, we think that the time at Plenary would best be spent focusing on the specifics of the resolutions and the future of Hell Week.

With these changes, will it still feel like Hell Week? Yes. All of these familiar Hell Week traditions are part of our resolution: Duck Pond Run, Potato lectures, confinement, quiet time, bedtime stories and calisthenics, traditional dorm activities, costumes and public exhibitions, door papering, and, of course, the surprise.

(And, by the way, we think it is the spirit of the tradition that matters most, not the details.)

Please come to Plenary this Sunday.

"It is the spirit of the tradition that matters most, not the details."

"This resolution will address these problems by changing the parts of the structure that may be offensive, as well as minimizing the potential for individual abuses."

"Maybe I'm missing the point, but if supports exist for those being helled, couldn't it be possible for most of us to have a good time?"

Flower Day DOES make everything alright

by Stacy Curwood

Happy Flower Day! The revelation of Bryn Mawr's best kept secret was a huge, happy shock to me. I had been waiting to learn the secret that the admissions office had told me about, but had forgotten it existed. Being surrounded by welcoming upperclasswomen and receiving my lizards blew me away.

I had been having a pretty good time with Hell Week up to that point. On Wednesday I had a first inkling of what was to come through the five posterboards full of writing—to be copied verbatim (including changes of ink color) before midnight. It was a brutal schedule, but hey, we were all in this together and it was all in the spirit of fun. On Thursday I hid in my room for most of the day because I had to wear a bathrobe if I went out. On Friday I embarrassed myself on the Blue Bus and negotiated for a ride to the Duck Pond. This was going to be a long week. Hysterically funny, but I had a lot of work to do...

Some people I talked to were annoyed. Tasks were crude and tasteless and there was no time to study, they said. Some thought that yeah, it's funny, but it's for people who have nothing better to do. I

myself thought that since it is an old tradition, there must be something to it. I was very impressed with the effort I'd seen the upperclasswomen put in, and I decided to participate like a good little sheep.

While we sat around having cake and sparkling cider in the euphoria on Friday night, I heard snatches of conversation about the letters which had been distributed to the class of '96. At the time I went along to the party in the Campus Center and didn't think much more about it.

When I decided to check out the open forum for Hell Week on Sunday night, I was amazed at how crowded it was and I wondered what people would say. I was quickly educated that everyone else had not had such an easygoing Hell Week as I had, and through hours of people's opinions my thoughts had to change. Yes, some punishments that were assigned did offend people, at times deeply. Some people had experienced as fresh degradation and domination. Some people thought that the shock of going from being a

lowly frosh to a celebrated one was truly unhealthy.

What struck me as a key issue was that of choice. The activities in Hell Week are presented as mandatory and, though they really aren't, people have felt stigmatized for not participating. Furthermore, can we make a choice about how much to participate if we do not have all of the information? Is it possible to have the surprise and to not be deceptive?

I thought about the events of Hell Week and how they might cause someone a lot of anxiety. I talked to several people with very diverse views, and I thought about my own experience. My Hell Week was a good time because I never felt like I was on my own, bullied insensitively and forced to do

things that I was too embarrassed to do. I knew that among the sophomores were my friends, and that the spirit of this seemingly insane exercise was all in fun. My sympathetic junior (who happened to be Kristen, co-traditions goddess) would only shrug her shoulders and tell me that of course I wouldn't have to do

that when I went to her to complain. Candy and flowers outside my door made me feel that someone was looking out for me. And the neutral zones in every hall of the dorm seemed to me to be genuine time-out escapes.

Maybe I'm missing the point, but if these sorts of supports exist for those being helled, couldn't it be possible for most of us to have a good time? For people who haven't had a good Hell Week experience, was this part lacking? For those who did, is this what helped make it good? How many helles this year felt powerless and overwhelmed?

I think that there's hope. I would be very sad to see Hell Week disappear or be stripped of a lot of its traditions. Hell Week is now in my bank of memorable experiences and I wish to see it continued for future classes.

I would like to know how this year's Hell Week went for the majority of those helled, and if it was bad, what exactly was bad about it. If we as a community had such concrete data, perhaps we could create something more acceptable to everyone. Changes made and abided by could make Hell Week a tradition surrounded by more acceptance and less dissent.

ed note: Although we received this notice anonymously, we decided to print it for its informational value. It is the "anonymous stuffer" referred to in the various articles in this section. As editors we strongly feel that the anonymous submission of this piece is completely inappropriate.

TO: ALL MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '96

This is to inform you that hell week is a sham. Hell week lasts for less than 48 hours, even though you will be led to believe that it is a grueling week-long experience. Basically, we Mawrters encourage fear and anxiety in first-year students, and then later try to make up for it by what is known as Bryn Mawr's best kept secret: a flower arrangement.

The class of '96 deserves to know that one upper class woman thinks that no Bryn Mawr tradition should justly result in the intimidation of fellow students. I can no longer comply with a code of silence that has facilitated so much pointless suffering. You can decide for yourselves whether you think Bryn Mawr's best kept secret is worth handing down to the class of

'97.

We need Hell Week: let's work to preserve it

by Elizabeth Lyzenga

February 7th, I went to the Hell Week forum in the Campus Center and listened for two and a half hours, then went back to my dorm and talked for another two and a half hours about Hell Week. This is a subject that is capable of evoking all of the most touchy and beloved topics of argumentation existing on this campus, and I had gotten sick of the whole matter by the time I decided that I ought to write up some of the things that I had been hearing people saying as the debate carried on all over campus for the rest of the week. And I realized that all I had really wanted to say in the first place about it was that I was amazed and thrilled by how well the people at that forum listened to each other and did their best to maintain open minds, despite the high-running emotions involved, and that if we could be like that all of the time, there would be no problems with Hell Week. What I saw that evening was a Campus Center packed full of women who all really wanted to do the right thing, but were sometimes too different in perspective to agree. Still, we all respected each other highly, and this actually kept things from running off into personal animosity. This is exactly what Bryn Mawr's Social Honor Code is about, and the reason that we are unique as a community; what we pride ourselves on. What I want to know is, where was the Social Honor Code for some people during Hell Week? And if we are all trying to respect each other, where are the people who made Hell Week hell for the people who came to that forum with tales of terror and cruelty and insult? Certainly, no one stood up and said "I think it's a really good idea to make frosh clean our rooms and to make them miserable so they'll be really relieved on Flower Day."



I have to say that in my opinion, Hell Week is a true work of art, impossible to describe except by the experience. I was helled this year in Brecon, where our trial was humorous, not frightening or insulting, our tasks were silly and harmless, and our sophomores were the first to remind us that Hell Week was for fun and bonding and not for hazing or for misery. The worst thing on our schedule,

to have taken place after Flower Day, was measuring the distance from Brecon to Erdman with a dining services tray. This would have been fairly back-breaking, to be sure, but we fully expected to be out there on Sunday with our trays and our sophomores, kicking trays across Merion Green and enjoying ourselves immensely, or else skipping

the event if we chose. No one woke us up before 7:15 (except some frosh from Rock who serenaded us sweetly at six one morning outside our windows) because there was a rule, written by the Hell Week committee, forbidding it. Our punishments were things we probably would have done ourselves anyway given a fair excuse. What brought tears to our eyes on Flower Day was not relief, but the sudden realization of how much our upperclass women must have loved us to have done the work it had taken to bring everything off without our knowing. All the rest of that evening and the next day, at odd moments I remembered small works of creative fiction my friends

had invented for me when I had gotten too inquisitive during Hell Week. I was flattered—and quite impressed with their skill as well. They weren't lying to me, they were preparing my surprise party.

But how can you legislate the sort of happy experience that the Brecon Hellees and other frosh managed to have this year? You cannot. The reason my Hell Week worked is that everyone I know understood that the Bryn Mawr Honor Code never leaves off being in effect here. We don't need rules the rest of our time here to keep us from insulting or terrorizing each other, and if we did, the rules wouldn't work. At Bryn Mawr, we try our best to do right to each other, and that should not stop during Hell Week.

Hell Week is more intense than normal life, which makes it risky. But if those of us "in the know" are just throwing a party, to show the new students how much we love them, there is no reason that we cannot carry this tradition off and make it as universally a beautiful experience as anything ever can be universal; particularly as intense things can be universal. Are we at Bryn Mawr so unworthy of each other's trust that we must avoid intensity before anything else, because otherwise we'll do each other damage? Need the tongue-in-cheek relationship between upperclass women, taskmistresses and new student taskees symbolize slavery and disempowerment, or can't this be the empow-

ering experience of women trusting women? February is a depressing month, and a depressing time of the semester. Personally, the sort of intensity of Hell Week involves was exactly what my sanity needed. Obviously, it was not made clear enough to some people that Hell Week is supposed to relieve and not add to the oppressiveness of the beginning of the semester, and that if it isn't working out this way, someone is taking this tradition, as we tend to do here with a lot of things, way too seriously.

I would like to see Hell Week remain without drastic change for another year, in view of the fact that with new rules and attitudes already in place, a far greater amount of the first-years are enjoying the experience as it is. What needs to alter is that every person who chooses to be involved in Hell Week must have

absolutely no doubts that there is no change in the Honor Code during Hell Week, and that Hell Week is for the enjoyment of the new students before anything else. My practical suggestion is that flyers be sent to everyone and posted everywhere stating very clearly the rules and boundaries of Hell Week, as well as a statement from the Traditions Mistresses

being even clearer that Hell Week is meant to be relaxing, silly, fun and OPTIONAL. This should also be a mantra of all HA's and customs people. This last understanding, which was behind every "order" our taskmistresses gave, is all it took to make Hell Week a beautiful experience, symbolic of what we love best about Bryn Mawr, for those of us helled at Brecon as well as in other dorms this year. So long as we know how to confront each other with respect and trust at this college, I refuse to believe that all the creativity that is poured into Hell Week cannot avoid unkindness. I have seen too many examples proving otherwise.



Flowers, sunshine, and home at last

by Idil Çakim

It was not long after the hellish Friday. She knocked on my door. I invited her in. She entered with a warmhearted smile on her face. She handed me a petite card with flowers on it. As she wished me happiness and welcomed me to Bryn Mawr, I read her words:

"I hope that Bryn Mawr gives you what you are looking for. Work hard, but also do have fun so that when you graduate you take a scrapbook of wonderful memories with you."

There was sincerity in her words. They were gracious. All of a sudden, I saw an opaque shade dissipate from my picture of Bryn Mawr, leaving a crystal clear image of it in my mind. Then I knew I was included in this new world. I felt at home.

After embracing me, she left the room. I looked out the window. It was gleaming with sunshine and patches of snow were melting away, letting the green grass underneath them breathe.

TRADITIONS

by Kristen Hagstrom and Micki McElya

You may be wondering why we have been suspiciously silent throughout the debate surrounding Hell Week. No, we did not peep a word at the forum, have said nothing at SGA concerning the issue, have no intentions of battling for/against Hell Week at Plenary, and initially had no desire to write an editorial in the College News. The job of the Traditions Mistresses is to plan, organize, and execute the four major Traditions at Bryn Mawr, and to date, we have completed 75% of our duties. It is not in our job description to decide whether a Tradition is good or bad, if it should be modified or left intact, if it should remain or be abolished. Traditions are for the benefit of the entire community and how they touch upon the community affects us as community members, not as Traditions Mistresses.

We not only encourage constructive dialogue at Plenary in order to resolve this issue but also active participation thereafter. This does not include sulking about Hell Week pasts or anonymous stuffers in freshmen's mailboxes, a cowardly act that only perpetuates a disgusting lack of communication that seems to have stifled this campus. If the community is so interested in Hell Week, how come only three students applied for the Hell Week Committee in the beginning of the year? From the attendance at the forum, and the strong opinions expressed that night, we wonder where the hell you all were when you had the opportunity to have an active position in the decision making for this year's Hell Week? If Hell Week remains, is modified, or abolished and replaced with a new Tradition, a committee will evolve from the community's decision made at Plenary. Get involved, come to Plenary.

FEBRUARY 1993 -BLACK

When you're not a member of the majority at Bryn Mawr

by Jennifer Wilks

I find it ironic that I am writing this piece while considering leaving Bryn Mawr for a semester or year of study at Spelman, the predominantly black women's college in Atlanta. I can imagine how different life will be there: I would be one of many, not one of the few.

Although I attended predominantly white schools throughout my education, I have had to make some adjustments while at Bryn Mawr, perhaps the biggest being with residential life. While in elementary and secondary school, I could always return to the fold of my family after a day as "a minority". Here, however, there is no returning home in the evening for a daily dose of perspective. Regular church attendance also affirmed my cultural identity. I can remember comparing church services with friends who weren't black. Even when we belonged to the same denomination, we held completely different perceptions of what church was. As a result, I grew to see church, or at least church as I knew it, as something distinctly black. Recently, in my English class, we discussed the bi-cultural experience of living in two worlds. Now I don't know if I am moving between two worlds so much as living in one and visiting the other on vacation.

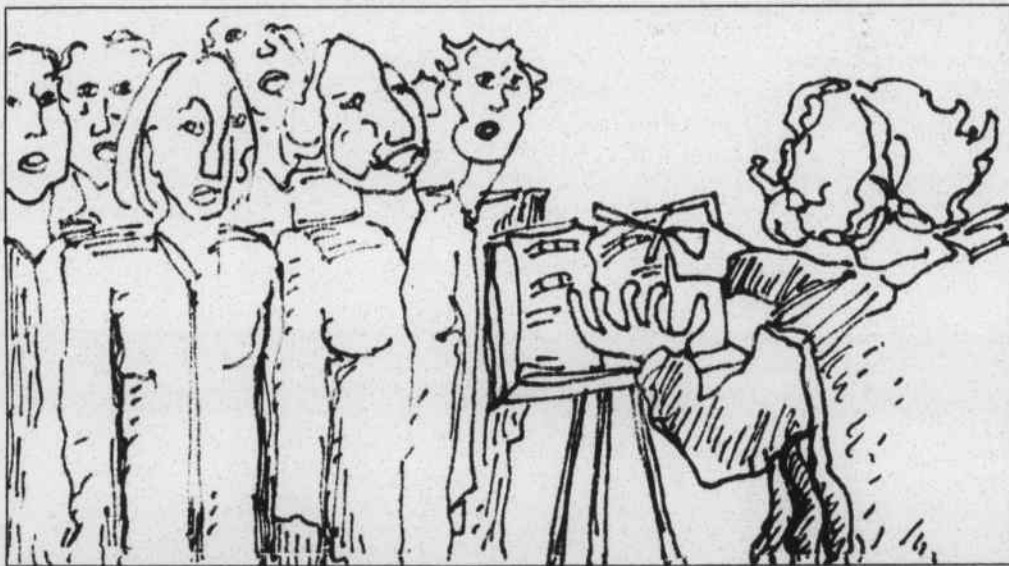
Fortunately, my participation in Sisterhood and Gospel Choir provide me with anchors whenever I begin to feel adrift. To some extent, Sisterhood assumes the role once played by my family. There I am not an "other," a "minority," or an "outsider." I

don't have to explain how I fix my hair, the phenomenon of "ashy" skin, or any other cultural idiosyncrasies. Instead, I am, for once, a member of the majority. Gospel Choir brings back memories of my church; I have even recognized some of the songs that I used to sing at home. Yet the choir differs from my church in one important aspect. Because it is open to all members of the bi-college community, Gospel Choir allows me to share some of my "church" experience with friends who are not black, a luxury I never enjoyed at home.

Have I changed since I've been at Bryn Mawr? Yes, and no. Yes, I've become more politically correct. When describing someone, her race or ethnicity is the one characteristic that I am most hesitant to mention. I have concluded that I'm going to see everyone for who they are, not what they are. But I realize that ethnicity or race is an integral part of someone's identity. One cannot separate the two. I think that I, along with other victims of the p.c. syndrome, should recognize that the crime lies not in acknowledging people's differences, but in judging them by those differences. No, I have not lost sight of who I am. Because of Bryn Mawr's largely white population and the immersion of residential life, I have become more aware of my ethnic and cultural background.

I cannot really think of an appropriate closing for this essay. My being black at Bryn Mawr is an ongoing experience. Perhaps, should I study at Spelman, I can return with a fresh perspective and a clearer conclusion of what it means to be black at Bryn Mawr.

AMY CAUELIER FIRST SNOW



Black History Month events: what is going on?

- Feb. 18th at 8:00 T.V. Night, Perry House
- Feb. 19th at 7:30, Charles Finch speaks in the Campus Center
- Feb. 20th, Gospel Choir Concert in Thomas Great Hall
- Feb. 22 through 27, Somalia Awareness Week
- Feb. 24th Jaasu Ballet
- Feb. 28th Black History Month Closing in Campus Center Main Lounge: Interfaith Service and Brunch

Celebrating Black History Month together

by Avril Campbell and Charmell Greene

Black History Month is here and for us, the co-heads of the Sisterhood's Black History Month Committee, this month will be both challenging and rewarding. Some of the events scheduled by the Sisterhood for February have been in the works since August.

We have high hopes for this year's celebration of Black History.

Our goal is to make our presence on campus more strongly felt, by focusing on various aspects of the past, present, and future of our culture and our people.

We began the month with a performance of "The Traveling Black History Show" by the New Freedom Theatre of Philadelphia. We were reminded of the men and women who struggled to open the doors and pave the way for Blacks.

The talented performers gave a terrific show complete with soulful spirituals, poetry come to life, and a fiery delivery of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s *Letter from a Montgomery Jail*. Then on the 8th of this month we connected with our past and present through Cuisine Night, a time when members of the

College community gathered at Perry House, our Black Cultural Center to enjoy various African-based foods.

Other events for the month include *Showtime at Bryn Mawr* on the 13th, a lecture entitled "Africa and the Birth of Science and Medicine" by Dr. Charles Finch on the 19th, a Gospel Choir celebration on the 20th, and Somalia Awareness Week which begins on Monday the 22nd.

Showtime at Bryn Mawr is a large, never before attempted event for the Sisterhood. It is modeled after the hit television program *It's Showtime at the Apollo*. This show which is filmed weekly at the famous and historical Apollo Theatre of Harlem showcases some of the best Black acts in today's entertainment industry. There are singers, dancers, comedians, and others.

The one thing they all have in common is that they are recognized as successful and talented by much of the African-American masses.

To perform at the Apollo, you have got to be good. The same can be said for the situation at Bryn Mawr College. To prove our point, the Sisterhood, under the direction of Sherry Butler who is Bryn Mawr's Student

Activities Coordinator, have arranged for the Fu-schnickens, a New York-based rap group to perform at *Showtime*. The event should be enjoyable and exciting with plenty of surprises and Bryn Mawr talent. After the show there will be a Sisterhood party in the Campus Center Main Lounge. Much work and sweat has gone into making these happenings successful. We are extremely optimistic.

This year, Bryn Mawr is honored to welcome Dr. Finch of the Morehouse College School of Medicine as he comes to speak on Africa's influence and contributions to modern science and medicine. Aletha Akers, our former Black Cultural Center Coordinator has worked very hard to make this lecture possible. Following the speech, there will be a jazz reception in the main lounge. We hope many people will be in attendance—Dr. Finch is rumored to be a powerful and charismatic orator.

The gospel concert will be held in Thomas Great Hall at 6 PM. It will feature the Bryn Mawr/Haverford Choir, the Swarthmore Gospel Choir, Ms. Sherry Butler, and Sister Alice Williams and her talented family. Mrs. Williams devotes some of her free time to directing the Bi-Co group in our musical and

spiritual efforts. It promises to be a joyful, beautiful time.

On a more grave note, Somalia Awareness Week is being held to draw much needed attention to the current plight of the people of Somalia.

The week's events include a slide show featuring footage of the war and hunger-ravaged land, a talk given by a Swarthmore professor who has been to Somalia, and towards the end of the week, a fast will take place in the effort to raise relief funds for the starving people of Somalia. Anyone interested in getting more details about this very important and urgent program should contact Cynthia Eyakuze. All these activities and more have been planned by the Sisterhood and the Black Cultural Center especially for Black History Month.

We have done all this because our history and culture are important to us. We are proud and we wish to share this part of ourselves with the community at large. We hope that this month's sampling of these valuable pieces of our past and our present will help others in addition to ourselves appreciate and learn of our uniqueness. This and only this will take us to our future.

BLACK HISTORY MONTH

For the sisters I leave behind, I tell this story...

by Stacy Yolanda China

When I decided to come to Bryn Mawr, I thought that I was coming to a place that was accepting of diverse kinds of people. I had been assured by the admissions office that this was a "liberal" campus; my politics should be safe here. Coming from the ultra-conservative boarding school that I was, the thought of being in the midst of liberals for a change was a comforting thought.

Little did I know that living with the liberals would prove to be more trying and more painful than anything I had known at boarding school.

During my first year here, I discovered that self-described liberals were almost more dangerous than the true-blue conservatives I had just left. On this liberal campus, I found out that a Latina woman had been harassed the semester before I got here, apparently for just being of color. She got anonymous notes under her door, from someone calling her names and threatening her safety. Warning sign number one.

As I listened to upperclassmen in classes

and at meals, I found out that white women felt harassed as well. Not from an anonymous stalker, mind you, but by black people. Oh, yes.

White women were oppressed, you know. Ever since those uppity blacks started opening their mouths, white women have been scared to say what they really think about racism and race relations, because they are so afraid of being shot down by one of those militant negroes. Oh, sorry, those African-Americans (who can keep track, right?). I was amazed by all this. These poor children—kept down on their own campus. Soon as you get rid of men, this happens. They can't win, can they?

Then Hell Week happened. All that talk of freshman "slaves" and sophomore "taskmistresses." And being wrongfully put on trial and being convicted. And having to atone for your sins while you called some white girl one year older than you mistress. Excuse me? Doesn't this strike anyone else as abundantly racist? Oh, no, it's just tradition—don't take it seriously, sophomores told me. Humph. Slavery was a tradition too. I was not im-

pressed.

Unfortunately, it got worse. During my sophomore year, I decided to get away from Bryn Mawr and Haverford and take some classes at Swarthmore. Maybe they wouldn't have the same problems. Wrong. In classes, at meals, on van trips, I heard the same refrain time and again—these minorities need to lighten up (now there's a double entendre if I ever heard one). If you black people weren't here, things could go back to normal. Everything would be perfect. People even said so on the walls of Parrish Hall at Swarthmore. Needless to say, my black friends there felt more than a little under siege.

So I came back here. Same old thing. Time and again, I discovered there were plenty of women who talked the right talk—"women of the world unite" and all that. But they didn't mean unite with me.

They talked about "our" culture, and what we "all" should be concerned about. But did they ever stop to consider that we do not all aspire to the same things, share school or not? That we don't all watch Beverly Hills 56789

and we don't all know about Twin Peaks and we don't all think Gloria Steinem is all that and we don't all see exactly how white women can call themselves oppressed (repressed, maybe, but not oppressed) and that we don't all see what all you white folks are so afraid of??

And so it is now second semester, senior year. So what have I learned from all this? Mostly that I have a perverse respect for conservatives now. At least they put all their cards on the table, instead of doing the liberal thing of saying the P.C. thing one minute and cursing about "those minorities" the next. Unfortunately, I see no hope for better race relations here. Until whites get over their irrational fear of blacks, racism will survive and thrive.

So until then, I pray for my black sisters left here after I'm gone—I pray that they will survive this place and still love themselves and their people. And I pray that one day they will even find it in their hearts to forgive the people who tried and will continue to try to make their lives miserable. Come to think of it, I pray that for myself.

Tell me sister, was that before or after we were allowed to live on campus?

by Chizoma O. Ihekere

The beginning of my term as president of The Sisterhood was a period that caused a minor anxiety attack every time I thought about it. All those events to plan and oversee. I wondered how we would ever get through a month in which we were sponsoring so many activities. When I wasn't too busy being overwhelmed by the tasks ahead, I felt great excitement. "A recognized time to celebrate my blackness," I thought to myself.

Time passed, and as the month approached, things began to get more and more hectic until I had reached a point where when Black History Month was mentioned, I would think primarily of details pertaining to the scheduling of "The Month". One day, as I sat in on a steering committee of the Black Alumni Reunion Committee, someone said, "... Was that before or after we were allowed to live on campus?" ^That question caught my attention and I began to see the women sitting around me in a different light: all of a sudden I realized that the life of an "average black woman" at Bryn Mawr College had become increasingly easier due mostly to the courage of these women seated around me and their peers.

Bryn Mawr College has its own Black History. A history full of triumphant firsts: the first black women to live on campus, the first black women to graduate, the first black woman to go the full four years living on campus and graduate, the first Sisterhood meeting, the first Perry House residents, the first open house at Perry House. . .

This Black History month, we celebrate the women who were here before us and somehow made it possible for us to be integral parts of this community. We celebrate the pain, the joy, the food, the music, the culture, and most of all, The Pride. Black History month is not just a time for Bryn Mawr's black women to celebrate, it is a time for the whole campus to celebrate; without her sisters of color, Bryn Mawr College would be a dimly lit place. So, to everyone in the Bryn Mawr College Community (and anyone else reading this), on behalf of The Sisterhood, have a happy Black History Month!

Do not miss this golden opportunity

by Aletha Akers

On Friday, February 19, 1993 the Black Cultural Center of Bryn Mawr College will be sponsoring a lecture and slide show by Dr. Charles Finch who is the Assistant Director of International Health at Morehouse School of Medicine. The lecture entitled "Africa and the Birth of Science and Medicine" will be held from 7:30-9:00 PM in the Campus Center Main Lounge at Bryn Mawr College.

Following the lecture there will be a jazz reception with refreshments in the same location and both the lecture and the reception are FREE!!!

Dr. Finch has lectured approximately 400 times in the U.S., Senegal, England, Switzerland, and Egypt on diverse topics. The talk he will give at Bryn Mawr College, however, details in a historical fashion some of the highlights of African medical and scientific advancements and Africa's influence on medicine in other countries such as Greece which is commonly referred to as the originator of medical thought for the West. The lecture utilizes many disciplines including archaeology, anthropology, paleontology, religion, and history as well as the physical, biological, and medical sciences. It will prove to be an educational and enlightening experience for all who attend.

Impressive is the word which best describes Dr. Finch's background. He graduated from

Yale University in 1971 and then went on to obtain his M.D. from Thomas Jefferson University in Philadelphia in 1976. He completed his residency training in family medicine at the University of California Irvine Medical Center. Additionally, Dr. Finch served with the Epidemic Intelligence Service at the Centers for Disease Control where he spent two years as an epidemiologist. Most recently, he received the Geriatric Fellowship (1988) from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Dr. Finch joined the Department of Family Medicine at Morehouse School of Medicine in 1982 where he instructed a number of courses including clinical methods, geriatrics and family medicine. He joined the International Health Office in 1989 and subsequently became involved in a public health training project in Senegal. Dr. Finch served as the principal investigator of a traditional healer survey among the Serer People of Senegal from August 6, 1991 to July 31, 1992. Currently, Dr. Finch is engaged in a research project involving oral rehydration therapies in Senegal.

Independently, Dr. Finch has conducted studies in African antiquities, comparative religion, and anthropology since 1971. He has published more than a dozen articles related to this research since 1982 including (1) "The African Background of Medical Science" (1982), (2) "The Kamitic Genesis of

Christianity" (1985), (3) "Race and Evolution in Prehistory" (1986), (4) "Africa and Palestine in Antiquity" (1987), and (5) "Science and Symbol in Egyptian Medicine: Commentaries on the Edwin Smith Papyrus" (1989). A collection of Dr. Finch's essays, entitled *The African Background to Medical Science*, was published by Karnak House (London) in November, 1990 and his most recent book, *Echoes of the Old Dark Land: Themes From the African Eden*, was published by Khenti Publications, Inc. in August, 1991.

The lecture is being supported by a number of different offices and departments including the departments of Anthropology, Biology, Chemistry, English, Geology, Sociology, Physics and Africana Studies at Bryn Mawr College. In addition, the Mellon Fellowship Program, the Division of General Studies (through Ms. Gale Lang), and the Student Government Association are lending their support. The Student Activities Office through Ms. Sherry Butler has greatly assisted with the effort and is funding the jazz reception.

This is a once in a (college) lifetime event and all who can make it should try to do so. All of the local colleges have been notified of the event.

This is a golden opportunity for Bryn Mawr to host a very impressive man and for the bi-college community to partake of a stimulating evening.

FROM RAGS TO RICHES: TROLLEY # 23

by Candice James

The post-drizzle mist has made the sky a sullen gray. It sweeps around the tops of buildings and clings. Even the tallest are immersed in fog, and the smell of damp warm pavement permeates the humid atmosphere as gasoline rainbows vacillate in the puddles that populate the corner of 11th Street and Market in Philadelphia. A light purplish hue has fallen over the city, and every other color in the city that once was there has been washed away to be replaced by the dark brick reds, dirt browns, blacks, and grays of 1991. I am waiting for the 23 trolley. I am about to embark on a trip into the southern territory of a major metropolitan city, a trip on which I will witness the profile of some of the oldest, as well as some of the worst neighborhoods of the area. Some people have lived in a metropolitan area their whole lives and have never seen how the other side lives; some people, like me, have never lived in a major metropolis, but I do not want to be a tourist this Saturday morning. I want to see what South Philadelphia and its people are really like, how they live—no tours, no brochures, no famous landmarks.

"Trolley? Oh, it's a bus now, miss. You see those tracks running down the center there?" He nodded toward two parallel gray bars that melted into the pavement and acted as a sort of middle lane. "That's where it used to run, but it's been gone now for about...oh, four months now." I had asked a security guard who stood by the door of Woolworth's on the corner when the number 23 trolley was expected to come by. The bus comes instead, rumbling to a stop next to the little red, blue, and white transit sign. Its bright colors momentarily brighten the scene, though its tinted windows deny me a view of the interior and its passengers. A puff of diesel exhaust chokes me as I go to board, but it fades as I climb inside, drop in my token, and welcome the comforting smell of new vinyl seats. I take a seat near the back, my back to the left side of the bus and a line of windows before me. There are the usual rectangular ads above the windows in bright glossy color side by side down the length of the bus.

Lawsuit Abuse—Guess Who Picks Up the Tab? You Do.

Don't Chicken Out. Excuses Don't Save Lives. Blood Does.

The bus gives a lurch and starts to move. I am one of only about twenty passengers, almost all of whom are black or Indian. It is a Saturday and not very busy. I look at them to see if they notice the ads as well, but they show no sign of seeing anything. They have other things to think about—their jobs, their shopping. They seem not even to see me. I have become invisible. The uneven streets cause the bus to sway, and we all rock in our seats, gradually becoming accustomed to the warmth that made me feel for the people standing out on the rain-drenched streets waiting, waiting for either a bus, a cab, or maybe something else. My eyes glance up once again at the colorful ads.

Life on the Street is a Dead End. Call the Covenant House Nine-Line.

The Number 23, grumbling down the narrow streets, passes through what has always been called Chinatown, and the Vietnamese neighborhood where all the signs of the shops along the streets are written in a spiky foreign language, and where the restaurants emit delicious smells that linger and then are gone as the bus pays no mind and goes along its way. As we pass by the dingy shops and hazy side-streets, I can almost see the way it was just after the turn of the century, when it was the "red-light district" or "tenderloin." In direct opposition to the blue laws of Philadelphia and the

moral strictness of the time, it was the main "vice" area, a home to opium dens, cocaine trafficking, vagrancy, prostitution, burlesque halls, and minstrel shows. During World War I, the Trocadero club near 11th Street had very recently switched from being a minstrel showplace to burlesque which was more enduring for the time. It would prove to be the city's longest-lasting burlesque

some obscure page in the *Daily News*, Martel had been somebody's friend. Flashes.

A park where no children play, filled with dead weeds.

Tall brick walls surrounding something no one can see—maybe it is a prison—the tops of the walls strewn tight with Constantine wire, razor sharp edges evil in the rain.

A large flea market is being held in a barren parking lot where the pavement is cracking, and while the sky above still appears threatening none of the shoppers seem to mind.

hall. This club, among others of its kind, lay right in the middle of the tenderloin and was established as legitimate entertainment, although the hotels and cathouses nearby were not as accepted by the community. The Trocadero club still exists today and is famous for its alternative music style, particularly its industrial music.

Every sign here is a one-way. The black and white arrows are everywhere, and they all point in the direction we are heading, as if there is no returning from where we are going. We come upon the black part of town, the public housing. On both sides of the street, there are the warehouses that look as if they have been empty for centuries and then the houses that look bent and crippled in the drizzle. Graffiti is on every corner, but just like all graffiti, no matter what language it's in, you can never read it.

It's like some sort of secret language partial to the neighborhood kids who write it on the walls. We pass a sign on a corner that proclaims, "Drug-free zone." Narrow streets break off from the main road and take a direction of their own and peering down the singular streets, one finds they are all the same. Houses and houses, side by side, wall to wall, skinny and tall, with porches jutting outward toward the street

Temple University rising in the midst of it all, looking as if it were built out of a child's building blocks, the ultimate anomaly.

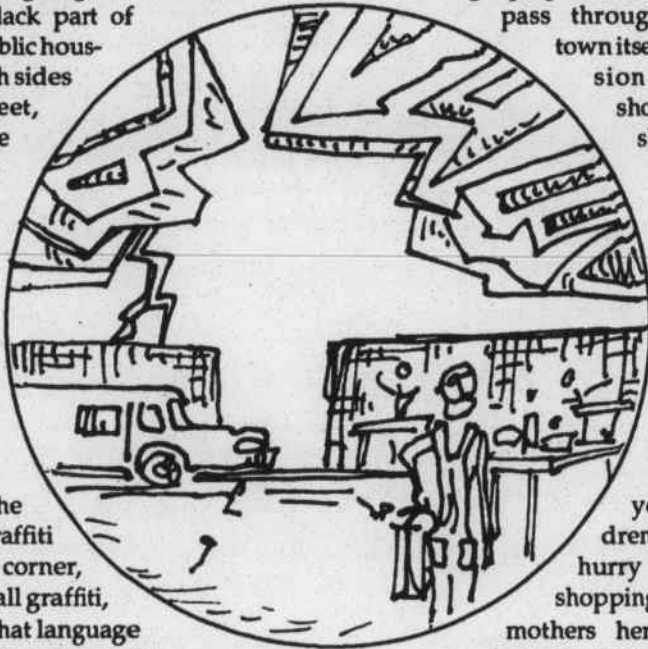
The Sunshine Hotel standing on a dirty street, neighbored by the Carman Garden Cabaret on one side and a row of tarnished houses on the other.

But then the city is always a bundle of paradoxes.

We turn onto Germantown Avenue, the bus managing incredibly to shift its big body around the narrow corner. Picking up speed once again, we pass through German-

town itself, a progression of little shops, bakeries, shoe stores, jewelers, food shops, and furniture merchandisers.

The sidewalks are jammed, women pulling their young children along, in a hurry to get their shopping done. The mothers here are very protective of their children, rarely letting go of their little ones' hands and never taking their eyes off them. Too many things can happen. On almost every corner there is a church. Religion is of great importance here. In early America, such as in Pennsylvania, religious townships were often pointed out as being hypocritical in that the religious preached their beliefs loudly but acted otherwise. In many cases, the words spoke more loudly than the deeds



Religion here is not a daily ritual of life - it is the only hope left for people who are trying to simply make it day by day.

like a jaw that is determined but failing. Dilapidation threatens the streets everywhere, as if at any moment a featherweight push will send these lines of dominoes tumbling down. Here there are buildings with boarded up windows, and there are public housing apartments whose balconies are entirely enclosed by chain-link fence that make them look like cages, not to keep people in, but to keep people out. There is the feeling of fear in the air.

But one of these streets is different. I see it only for a second. As the bus jolts past one single street, there is an empty lot, and at the far end of it, facing the street is a blotchy red brick wall. Scrawled upon it in white spraypaint in swooping graffiti letters is written, "In Memory of Martel — God Bless the Brother." In a very sudden instant, I can almost see the way Martel had died, by the blade of honor, or by the gun of a drive-by. Whoever he was, and however he had appeared in a crimebox on

of religion is impossible here for the many who are only trying to survive in the reality of poverty and vice, and major violent crimes are now the norm rather than the unusual.

The bus turns left onto Ontario Street, slowing nearly to a complete stop, and then once again gathers speed. A few blocks farther, and then we turn a right and we are on Broad Street. The well-paved street lined with the trolley tracks could be taken directly from the turn of the century when local groceries with neatly painted signs, large houses, and the occasional saloon lined the old Broad Street in the middle-class environment. Above the streets, big red banners are strung every other block. Large scarlet T's wave in the breeze. I wonder if it has something to do with Temple University, and am answered by the next loud banner which reads: "Temple Salutes Environmental Services Week."

A moderately large flea market is being held in a barren parking lot where the pavement is cracking, and while the sky above still appears threatening none of the shoppers seem to mind. Everything from clothes to glassware is being peddled while just down the street looms a giant billboard advertising the Navy Recruiting Center. There is plenty of this sort of propaganda everywhere in these poor sections of town. Every division of the Armed Forces blows its own horn here. For many sometimes it is the only answer.

St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church. I get to see a few seconds of it rather than a passing flash as the bus slows down for traffic. Its gray stones match the background of the sky—it looks shadowy and old. It reminds me of a Gothic castle, a fortress standing strong among the slums.

The street turns back into Germantown Avenue, broadening slightly, and reverting back to the cobblestone of the old days. The street may have changed, but its surroundings did not. A "No Littering — \$300 fine" sign stands helpless while all around trash lays scattered. Poor neighborhoods—but some of the lucky ones manage to drive shiny expensive cars. Guess how they get them—can't know for sure. A shiny black Lincoln Continental stands parked beside the curb, its gaudy license plate simply proclaiming *JESUS*.

As Germantown progresses, the houses along the street become pretty and stately, victims perhaps of the Germantown historical society that we pass by as well. It is a short hiatus for the long stream of poverty that follows. The streets on both sides become crowded once more with tiny shops struggling for survival against the competition of neighboring shops while on the sidewalks it is the people who fight for survival. I see a man on the street, leaning permanently against the wall of a store, talking to people as they pass. Each person he addresses shakes his head, hardly giving him a glance and passes on. After a few moments, I realize the man is begging. I wonder how long he must stand there.

Another Armed Forces Recruiting Center. The Army, the Navy, the Air Force, and the Marines have all gotten in their share of advertisements—powerful slogans with young men proudly looking on in uniform. In all of these advertisements, all of the young men are black. Only a Few Have the Power—the Marines.

I am sitting next to an elderly black lady who comments on my note-taking. We begin to talk and as we do, I watch her profile, watch how her wrinkles crease when she laughs. She has just been to the hair salon and she is taking the bus a few blocks to get back to her car. The traffic is much too bad downtown, she says, to take her car down there. As we

continued on p. 9

Notes from the different worlds of Philly

continued from p. 8

sit talking, the bus pulls up next to the curb to make a requested stop. A young woman is trying to wake up her little boy—two or three at the most—so they can get off. Grasping the little boy by the arm, and hoisting all of her shopping with her, the woman nearly falls getting off the bus and narrowly misses being caught in the doors.

"That reminds me of what happened on the subway," the old woman next to me remarks, shaking her head, and closing her eyes as if it is painful for her to remember.

"What happened?"

"Last week—yes, it was just last week, as a matter of fact—a woman was going to get off the subway and got caught in the doors. The subway dragged her. Yes, it killed her. She was an elderly lady, you know." She shook her head again, affected by her own brief statements. "It's so dangerous."

Just before we pass into Mt. Airy, I see a building on the corner up ahead, its side wall made of red bricks facing us as we approach. Someone has spraypainted some flowers on the wall, right near the ground. There are only weeds below. Mt. Airy is definitely a middle class environment, an improvement from the previous neighborhoods. Its buildings make an attempt at being pretty and contemporary, but somehow still house a look of wistful insufficiency. We pass by a sign outside of a building proclaiming, "Project Learn—a school community," the Montessori school, and the Mt. Airy Bantams football field where the little boys in their clunky uniforms are practicing. There are art galleries, and one of them I notice in particular is displaying its newest arrival of black contemporary art.

Construction slows us down, but I can still see the trolley tracks. We follow

them, past Spring Garden College which is like the Garden of Eden surrounded by despair, into Chestnut Hill, one of the richest neighborhoods in the area, definitely upper class. We have followed the trolley tracks through one extreme to the other. Chestnut Hill is predominantly white, where the people all drive nice cars.

Everywhere I look I see beautiful hous-



ing, and wonderful little shops along the street where happy couples are doing their Saturday shopping. There are more art galleries here than I have seen all day put together, and the swanky expensive stores they have range from The Gap to Banana Republic. The yuppie hustle and bustle is incredible, but they have no set destination in mind—they are only there for a Saturday outing. I think of the people I have met earlier and wonder what they must think of Chestnut Hill.

We make a stop in the midst of Chestnut Hill. Two black women get off the bus, dressed for work. Their maids' uniforms set them apart from the people on the street, who are dressed in bright-colored matching outfits and sparkling white Keds. It is early yet and they are going to work cleaning the picturesque residences I can see through the bus's tinted windows. They set off together down the sidewalk and the bus, the other passengers, and I pull away, leaving them

to a different kind of Saturday.

Chestnut Hill is gone and I am sitting in the bus station just a few blocks later. My bus driver has given me a transfer to get back to Market Street, and I am sitting on the bus that will take me back the same way I have come.

I think of all the different kinds of people I have seen on this trip, and now that they are gone, where have they gone to and

real life.

There is a Masonic Order lodged tightly between two old stores in the street, so that the sign of the guild can barely be seen.

A black woman and her young son board the bus at one of the many stops. The boy is carrying his baby sister in his arms, very assuredly and very protectively. They sit down together, the boy still holding the baby in his lap. They are the happiest people I have seen all day.

As we drive, the mother points out certain buildings and places, explaining what they are to both her children in a smiling, confidential voice. The baby claps her hands and chirps, and her brother tickles her to get a laugh out of her. They all three laugh and tease and it is very clear they are enjoying their Saturday afternoon together.

When the bus lets out a squeal and eases to a stop and they get off, I am disappointed to see them go.

A few blocks before reaching Market I see a billboard. It is not advocating *Take a Bite Out of Crime*, and it is not trying to get young men to enlist themselves in the Armed Forces.

It shows the Virgin Mary. Her gown has been faded by the weather to a stained, pale violet and beside her is a statement of how she has appeared to followers in a town in Yugoslavia. "I have come to tell you—God loves you!" she is reported to have said.

I watch it pass, and then return my gaze to the people on the bus who are sitting, perhaps tired also, paying no attention. Three men at the back of the bus are discussing how a friend of theirs had been knifed the other night and who will take care of his children.

I wonder when the people see that billboard if they don't wonder: if the Virgin Mary can appear in Yugoslavia, why can't she appear here for us?

The Owl's Wing series: discover the Youth at Risk Program

by Katy Davis

I first learned of Youth at Risk through a Bryn Mawr professor, Jerry Foeman, during a class about urban social problems last year. He described the program, which works with juvenile delinquents and those in danger of delinquency, and encouraged any of us who were interested to get involved. At the time, I was looking for a program to study for a project in another class and thought maybe I would find out a little more about it—on a purely intellectual level. I soon found that, at least for me, this was impossible.

Philadelphia Youth at Risk is a local chapter of a program that is available in many cities nationwide and even internationally. The idea is to take the youth out of their urban environment for a week or ten days and help them to confront issues surrounding their lives. In a nutshell, the four main questions are: What is my life like now? How would I like it to be? What will it take to get there? What will it cost me? These are questions that are difficult for me to answer, a white middle-class woman with the benefits of a good education and a supportive family. Imagine how it would be for a poor pregnant girl who has little opportunity to do more than "get by" in life. Or for a young black male whose chances are better off going to prison than college. After the 7 or 10-day course, each youth is assigned a Committed Partner, an adult who has agreed to work closely with the youth for a year, helping him or her reach goals that he or she has set for him/herself. Ideally, the youth and Committed Partner meet weekly, and the entire group of youth and Committed Partners meet twice a month. This

is called the Follow-through Program.

My first opportunity to see the youth was at the 1990 group's final follow-through meeting. At this meeting, each youth had to sit at the front of the room and relate what his/her accomplishments were over the year. The successes seemed small compared to the rest of the world's standards. One boy had gotten all C's that year in school, another was getting along better with his grandmother. Some of the girls were developing better relationships with their mothers; one had even gotten into college. I can clearly remember one boy sitting straight up in the chair, looking tentatively into the crowd and, with much prompting and questioning, telling of a few successes he'd had. But this was in and of itself a success for, I was told, a year before he would have slouched without looking anywhere but the floor and given no more than one-word replies to questions. For these kids, these were real triumphs. For many, they had meant big changes in their lives. It was truly touching to see these kids, albeit with some coercion, admitting their improvements and strengths.

The world we live in at Bryn Mawr, (and don't get me wrong, it is a wonderful world), is so far from the world that these kids come from. We worry about crossing the campus alone after the last Blue Bus run, we campaign until we are assured we will have free housing for Spring Break, we are upset because we've gotten a 3.3 instead of a 3.7 but console ourselves knowing that the universities and jobs we move on to will know what a 3.3 at Bryn Mawr is really worth. I don't want to offend anyone, these are real concerns for us and they are worth addressing. But when we smugly pay lip

service, (because we know that we should), to the "Ivory Tower" of Bryn Mawr, we sometimes forget how true that is. These kids have to worry about going anywhere in their neighborhood after dark, alone or with others. Housing for them can be more cramped than the smallest freshwoman double and bleaker than a Merion slit. And, realistically, who cares what kind of grades you're getting when your chances of earning more than minimum wage are so small? Let me tell you something else, none of them have ever heard of Bryn Mawr. I guess we all know these things deep in our hearts. And certainly some are more aware of our privileges than others. But for me, seeing this first hand was an enlightening experience.

I began by volunteering in the office one night a week, just to get a feel for the organization, but soon became more involved. I worked there last summer, am a Committed Partner, and continue to volunteer in other aspects of the organization. I get lost when I try to write about my experiences there. I'm much better at answering questions than trying to guess what to write that will be of interest. There is just too much to say.

Youth at Risk gives these kids an opportunity to be taken seriously and listened to. The youth are sometimes teased, cajoled or irritated, but they are all cared about, and I think they realize that. The staff and volunteers are like family. It is hard not to be pulled into such a warm and open atmosphere.

I find that one of the ways that Youth at Risk lends itself to our community is in a shared system of ideals. Communication and confrontation as well as responsibility and trust are highly emphasized in the Youth at Risk program. Although

it is volunteer intensive, one of the drawbacks in a partnership between Bryn Mawr/Haverford students and Youth at Risk is a need for transportation to places in the City somewhat inaccessible to us, and the patterns of time commitment needed from volunteers. Although there is often a need for one or two people to help with administrative stuff, (mailings, telephone calls), they are more often in need of people to commit large amounts of time in one week, or to be able to handle ongoing commitments in various areas of the organization. To make matters worse, their office is currently dismantled and they are looking for new office space.

I tried, somewhat unsuccessfully, last semester to organize a corps of volunteers on campus through 8th Dimension/Owl's Wing. Although the student response was tremendous, it was difficult to find effective ways of using people. I will continue to try to organize a partnership this semester, and anyone interested in getting more information about the organization or becoming involved can contact me, (Katy Davis, Box C-580, x5558). But we are definitely still working out the kinks!

At any rate, Youth at Risk is an incredibly worthwhile organization, and it should be more well known in the Philadelphia area. Its success rates at helping reduce recidivism are well over 50%, an amazing statistic. Its effective program has been well recognized and recommended by the City. It seems to touch the lives of almost everyone who gets involved.

If you're interested in getting involved, or know someone who is, please consider it. And if you want any more information, just give me a call!

Trials and tribulations of obtaining an independent major at Bryn Mawr

by Diana Hortsch

Many students are intrigued by the idea of designing an independent major, but only about twelve students go on to declare one in the spring of their sophomore year. Before declaring an independent major, a student must write a realistic proposal, receive support from at least two faculty members, and then be interviewed by and receive the approval of the Independent Majors Committee, which is chaired by Dean Behrend.

Some areas, such as Feminist and Gender Studies, have a strong tradition of independent majors which provides a structure of faculty and student support and allows this process to go relatively smoothly. Others, such as Renaissance Studies or African Studies, are less common and can require persistence on the part of the student if they are to be approved.

It is easy to think that designing your own major will counteract the rigor of the many requirements by allowing you to take primarily those classes that seem relevant to you, instead of to a department chair, and when it works well, the independent major can do just that. But to have an independent major approved, a student must design a program that reflects the common structure of departmental majors, such as a progression from introductory to advanced courses and methodology. As a result, she may find herself designing a major more for the Committee than for herself.

The approval process can provide a unique challenge to students who design majors that are intended to be interdisciplinary. It can be difficult because the Committee encourages students to concentrate their course work in one or two departments. But when students do just this, it is often recommended that they simply major in one of those departments. It can end up feeling like a Catch 22, with the burden placed on the student to design a major that has a clear concentration of work, but still distinguishes itself from existing majors.

For example, Senior Amy Weisman, a Cultural Studies major, was initially told that she should major in Anthropology.

And when I applied to be an African Studies major, it was suggested that I major in Political Science and minor in Africana Studies. Of Bryn Mawr's three African Studies majors, only the first, Natalie Arnold, was not urged simply to minor.

Suggestions such as these can be helpful, and may sometimes serve to save a student from herself. If a student is unsure of what she wants in her academic career, an independent major is not the answer. There is no need to take on the challenges of an independent major, such as the stress that can come from the lack of clear structure in your program, if you can do the same work within an existing department. But to a student convinced that only an independent major will allow her to study an area as she envisions it, this advice can be discouraging.

Students considering independent majors should weigh the work that goes into making faculty contacts, writing the proposal, and then revising it if necessary, for the process can be both draining and rewarding. I have two words of caution for potential independent majors. First, the advice given by Dean Behrend is generally sound. Attempting to mix an independent major with a double major, junior year abroad, or both (as I did), is usually taking on too much, and can lead to a student feeling more restricted by her requirements than she would in a regular major.

And second, a student committed to being an independent major should not allow the Independent Majors Committee to simply deny her proposal without explicitly stating the problems that they found. I say this from experience. My original proposal was denied even before I was interviewed and it was only because I went on my own to Dean Behrend that I was able to revise it and later see it approved.

Being an independent major can be exciting and rewarding primarily because it allows a student to approach a topic or area of study that is not deeply entrenched in the academic machine of Bryn Mawr. But the first step to doing this is to convince the academic bureaucracy to let you try.



Fifty works on Paper and Paintings by Women Artists will be shown at the Campus Center Gallery 204, from Feb. 17 through March 5, 1993 (daily noon to 5 p.m.). The artworks represent various media and subjects (landscape, still life, abstract and figural works) by both emerging and established contemporary artists, and have been donated through Bill Scott, Philly artist, or by the women artists themselves, as part of a new study collection.

First footsteps into the awful job market out there

continued from p. 2

much sleep that month.

One day, after a particularly anxiety-filled lunch at Haffner, I put down my ice cream and resolved to do something to put an end to this dream cycle. That's when I developed my "Popsicle Stick" theory. As I reasoned, it was unlikely that in my dreams the dark canyon representing the future was going to change form anytime soon, but I could do something to alter the length of the cliff—I could extend it. Maybe I couldn't rely on a reinforced steel suspension bridge like my friends heading off to higher education, but I take a bottle of Elmer's glue and piece together a couple of popsicle sticks. It was a start, anyway.

The first, and most important, step I took was to go over to the Career Development Office, leaf through a book of resumes, and set up an appointment to discuss job search strategies. I was surprised to find the staff very encouraging—they didn't laugh me out of the office when I told them I was looking for a job, and my interview with Liza Bernard instilled in me the confidence that I really could obtain gainful employment after graduation. Liza helped me devise a plan of action and, most important, she stressed the importance of networking and keeping my eyes open to any possible job leads.

Seizing the Opportunity. By the middle of March, I had put together a working resume and I had arranged

several informational interviews with alumnae—the first layer of popsicle sticks was firmly in place, and I found my level of confidence growing. It took some practice, but gradually I became comfortable advertising my job search to friends and family—and anyone else I met who I thought could help me in the process of finding gainful employment.

At about this time, I began to realize that, in many ways, Bryn Mawr doesn't encourage the type of behavior that can be useful in a job search. Students considering graduate studies can draw strength from the oft-touted statistics on the number of Bryn Mawr women pursuing higher education, but how often do you hear about the extremely important Old-Girl network of alumnae? I felt there was the unwritten expectation that students entering the work force after graduation were just biding time before applying to graduate school, and thus were not taken very seriously. Certainly, the Career Development Office does much to dispel this myth, but I found myself wishing that there were more brochures and periodicals featuring Mawrers' experiences in the work world, not just in the graduate libraries of prestigious universities.

In the end, it was the Bryn Mawr Old-Girl Network which helped me find my first office job after graduation. On the last day of classes, a friend of mine from the Class of '87 called and asked me if I was still looking for work after gradu-

ation. As it turned out, a colleague of hers from the Class of '71 was looking for an assistant, and my friend wanted to know if I would send her my resume. I did pass along my resume, and several months later, while waitressing in Maine, I received a letter encouraging me to apply for a job as a writer for a science museum association in Washington, D.C. (My popsicle stick bridge grew a few layers). I sent the association's office manager a cover letter, along with writing samples, letters of reference, and my resume. Not long after, I got a call for an interview from the Bryn Mawr alumna (Class of '71). The following week, I boarded the Greyhound bus to Washington where I had the interview. Several weeks later I was offered the job. Ecstatic, I accepted the offer.

Things to remember. Looking back on the job search process, I realize I learned several important lessons. First and foremost, while luck plays a big part in finding a good job, there are specific things you can do to increase your chance of finding out about employment opportunities.

Advertise your job search. Don't be embarrassed to share your job search with family, friends, alumnae, and anyone else who will listen. The more upbeat and enthusiastic you are, the more likely people will remember you when it comes to job openings.

Create opportunity. If you know, even

vaguely, what field you are interested in, gather names of alumnae in that field and contact them. Talk to your professors about opportunities in the field, and start applying for jobs advertised in the newspaper.

Keep realistic expectations. The likelihood of finding a job in a particular field within a reasonable period of time depends on the region of the country in which you decide to settle, the field you are interested in, the helpfulness of your contacts and, most of all, luck. Be prepared to find a substitute job to help you earn money while looking for a job in your field of interest.

Don't be intimidated. It's easy to become overwhelmed by the competition when looking for work. I found myself intimidated by stories of other graduates who had jobs before I even started my search.

In retrospect, these alumnae often got their jobs the same way I did. They advertised their search, kept up their energy level, sometimes got temporary work to help them keep afloat financially, and through determination, good advertising, and a little bit of luck, they found jobs in their field of interest.

Finally, don't put off your search. It's never too late to get started, but the sooner you do the fewer bad dreams you'll have to endure before graduation.

Buy a bottle of Elmer's, stuff a few popsicle sticks in your pocket, and take a trip to Career Development. Good luck!

arts & entertainment

INNOVATIVE ANTIGONE AT BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

The Bryn Mawr College Performing Arts Series closes with the Irondale Ensemble Project's innovative production of Sophocles' *Antigone*, Thursday, February 25, in Goodhart at 8pm. A workshop in improvisation will be given for interested students by Artistic Director, Jim Niesen on Wednesday, February 24 in Goodhart Common Room at 4 pm. Now in its tenth anniversary season, Irondale has garnered a reputation for avant-garde readings of the classics. Their *Antigone* relocates the ritualism of ancient tragedy within the circus world of the clown. Using both realistic performance styles and clown techniques together with music and dance, the struggle between the law of the individual conscience and the central power of the state is played out in the circus ring.

As Stephen Holden in the *New York Times* wrote, "*Antigone* suggests, among other things, an allegory of public life in an age when politics have become show business..." The production also underlines the gender issues at play: the punishment King Creon metes out to his niece, Antigone, has as much to do with his fear of a woman's strength as it has to do with her crime.

Tickets are available at the door; students \$1 with

A special musical treat: the Amado String Quartet

by Melinda Linstrum

Bryn Mawr offers splendid occasions to hear in person some of the finest musicians of classical works on Sunday afternoons at 3 PM in the Goodhart Music Room. These ensembles play some of our favorite, relaxing pieces, live. Two weeks ago the Amado String Quartet starred Carol S. Amado, Judith Marlowe, both on the violin, Evelyn J. Luise, viola, and Deborah Reeder, cello. The program included Haydn's delightful String Quartet, Anton von Webern's soothing *Langsamer Satz*, and Brahms' amazing Quintet for Clarinet and Strings. A special guest artist, Elisabeth Ganter from Switzerland, charmed the audience with

the last piece.

I enjoyed these works so much that I sent the titles to my father in hopes of receiving the CD's. Rarely missing one of these events, I listen to the creativity locked inside unravel. The music explodes into colored shapes. I draw castles, compose poems, write letters to friends in stream of consciousness, and read romantic French novels.

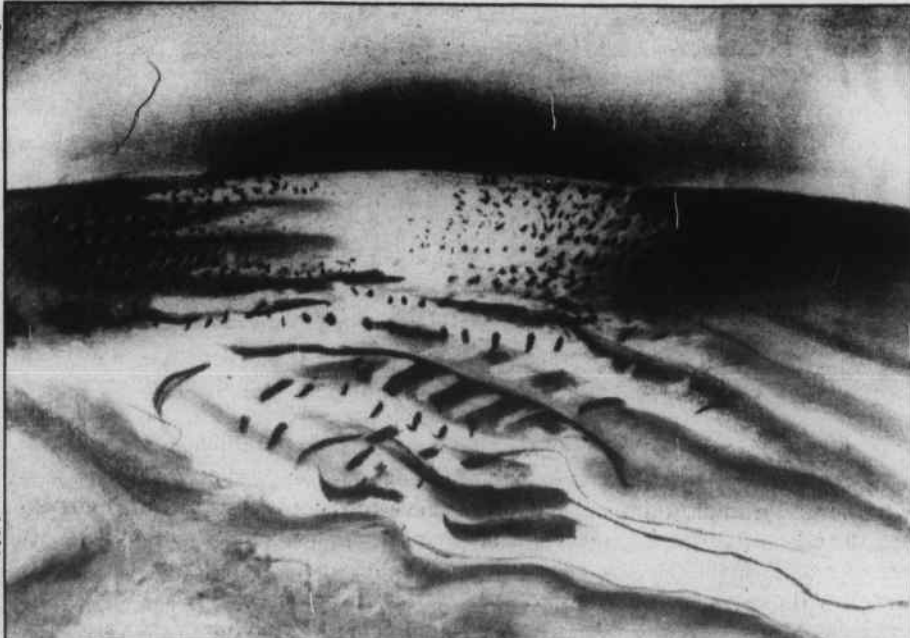
Like me, you can still be entertained by the Amado String Quartet on Sunday March 21, 3 PM. Even before that, there will be two Student/Faculty recitals, February 28 and April 18, both on Sundays at 3 PM. And you can just simply listen while waiting for the reception of dainty treats.

**WE'RE STILL
DESPERATELY
LOOKING FOR AN
ARTS&ENTERTAINMENT
EDITOR. IF YOU'RE INTER-
ESTED PLEASE CONTACT
LAURA X5660 OR OR
ERIKA X5612**

Sorry to our faithful comic strip lovers. Emily Cotlier was sick for most of the week (we hope she feels better and has recovered her former energy). And, we have not received any Bechdels, probably because we had not paid our bills for a while. But, never fear, that has been taken care of now. It will not happen again, we promise!



MARTHA ARTSTRONG - OCEAN - '79



WORKS BY WOMEN ARTISTS EXHIBITION

Our sincere apologies to Jennifer Mosher and Becca Shapley, whose articles our temperamental computers refused to deal with.

Job opportunity!

Will look great on your resume...

The College News needs a transportation manager. Responsibilities would consist of driving to the printers on Tuesdays and Thursdays of every other week.

Dates Women Make

compiled by Elizabeth Lyzenga

Thursday, Feb 18

7:30 pm, Batten House, Russian Film Series— "The Extraordinary Adventures of Mr West."
8:00 pm, Ely Room, Wyndham, Margaret Holley, reading from her poetry.
9:00 pm, CC Main Lounge, Monnette Sadler and quartet.
9:00 pm, Denbigh news office, College News.
9:00 pm, Taylor C, BMC Greens.
9:30 pm, CC210, Doublestar videos.

Friday, Feb 19

4:00 pm, Thomas 110, "Islamic Gardens of Spain," Lecture by D. Fairchild Ruggles.
4:00 pm, Goodhart Common Room, Classics Colloquium—"I Was Made Female: Vengeance, Hero-Cult and the Mysteries in Sophocles' Ajax," Richard Seaford.
5:30 pm, HCD, Annual ASA diner.
6:30 pm, Brecon, Hillel—Friday night services
7:30 pm, Brecon, Hillel—Dinner.
7:00 pm, Gest101 (HC), Christian Fellowship.
7:30 pm, CC Main Lounge, "Africa and the Birth of Science and Medicine". Lecture by Dr. Charles Finch.
7:30 and 10:00 pm, Thomas 110, BMC Films—"Gas Food Lodging".
8:00 pm, Thomas Great Hall, Night Owls concert.
8:00 pm, CC main Lounge, CHANGE—film, "A Little Respect", and discussion.
8:00 pm, Goodhart Music Room, Everett String Quartet.

Saturday, Feb 20

10:00 am-2:30 pm, Bond Hall (Swarthmore), "Middle East Challenges for President Clinton".
6:00 pm, Thomas Great Hall, Gospel Choir Celebration.

Sunday, Feb 21

11:00 am, PBS (channel 12 on TV), "To the Contrary", news program eds think worth watching.
1:30 pm, Goodhart, PLENARY.
7:00 pm, CC105, SGA meeting.
8:30 pm, Thomas 110, History Film Series—"The Man Who Would Be King."

Monday, Feb 22

Beginning of Somalia Awareness Week.
4:00 pm, tour of new science library for all students and staff, reception.

Tuesday, Feb 23

6:00 pm, CC200, Career Development, summer jobs and internships.

Wednesday, Feb 24

5:30 pm, Erdman Front Smoker, Achot—Jewish Women's Dinner.
9:00 pm, CC Main Lounge, Coffeehouse—"Jaasu Ballet."

Thursday, Feb 25

5:15 pm, Haverford DC (Swarthmore Room), Hillel steering committee.
8:00 pm, Goodhart, Sophocles' "Antigone."
9:00 pm, Denbigh news office, College News.
9:00 pm, Taylor C, BMC Greens.

Friday, Feb 26

A day of fasting—Somalia Awareness Week.
7:00 pm, CC210, Christian Fellowship.
6:30 pm, Yarnall (HC), Hillel—Shabbat service.
7:30 pm, Yarnall, Hillel—Shabbat dinner.
8:30 pm, Yarnall, Hillel—discussion, "Sex, the Jews and the Rabbis."
Black Film Series, Perry House.

Saturday, Feb 27

8:00 pm, Lang Concert Hall (Swarthmore), Mini Jazz Festival.
8:00 pm, "A Drum Major of Righteousness," oratorio by John Scully based on life & writings of MLK, Community College of Philadelphia, 17th & Spring Sts, 525-6497.

Sunday, Feb 28

Black History Month closing, CC Main Lounge, Interfaith service and brunch.
11:00 am, PBS, (channel 12 on TV), news show eds think is worth watching.
3:00 pm, Goodhart Music Room, Chamber Music Society—student-faculty recital.
8:00 pm, Lang Concert Hall (SC), Swarthmore Chamber Orchestra, minimalist music.
8:00 pm, Trotter Hall Room 215 (SC), "Language Games as Linguistic Evidence." Professor Stuart Davis.

If you know of a club with a regular meeting time that is listed here incorrectly or not at all, or if you know of an event that will happen between March 4th and 18th that ought to be a date Mawrtyr women make, please drop us a note in Box C-1716.

Reknown poet Margaret Holley comes to Bryn Mawr



by Paula Saler

Poet Maggie Holley will give a reading at Bryn Mawr College on Thursday, February 18, at 8:00 pm in the Ely Room at Wyndham. The Marianne Moore Fund for the Study poetry is sponsoring the event. Marianne Moore was a 1909 graduate of Bryn Mawr College and the Fund was established in her name to broaden library holdings in modern

Support the BRYN MAWR LACROSSE Team!

We will be holding a raffle from FEBRUARY 15th to MARCH 3rd to help us offset the costs of spring training. Tickets can be purchased from any lacrosse player and will be available in the dining halls. The drawing will be held March 4th in Schwartz Gymnasium.

The GRAND PRIZE is a 13 inch RCA color TV with remote control.

The following area businesses have generously donated the following prizes:

BUCKMAN'S SKI SHOP	\$25.00 gift certificate
MARBLE'S	\$25.00 gift certificate
FLEET FEET	\$25.00 gift certificate
CRITTERS	2 \$15.00 gift certificate
FLOWER EXPRESS	\$20.00 gift certificate
JUST FOR THE RECORD	\$15.00 gift certificate
ARROWROOT NATURAL FOODS	\$10.00 gift certificate
GOURMET GARDEN	1 Cheesecake or Carrot Cake
21st CENTURY SOUND	1 U2 "Achtung Baby" CD
BORDER'S BOOKS	Manet
BRYN MAWR PIZZA	3 large pizzas
TLA VIDEO	4 free overnight videocassette rentals

Ms. Hank

The following are from the soon-to-be released retrospective *Death to the Patriarchy: the e-mail letters, from Harleyquin.*

Dear Ms. Hank,

In the town where I was born there lived a man who sailed to sea, and he told us of his life in the land of the submarines. So we sailed up to the sun till we found the sea of green and we live beneath the waves in our yellow submarine. And we live a life of ease, every one of us has all we need; sky of blue and sea of green in our yellow submarine. And our friends are all aboard; many more of them live next door and the band begins to play... still some days, I just get this really deep sense of guilt. Why?

—In the Water Somewhere

PS Upon rereading this letter I find that it rhymes. Do you think I have a future as an angst poet?

Dear Underwater,

Do you realize how many color-blind people there are in this world? How can you justify enjoying such a colorful home when so many less-fortunate people will never have such a chance. And then you ask why you feel guilty.

Ascetically yours,
Ms. Hank

PS You sound a lot more profound when you're high.

Dear Ms. Hank,

I really think that your response contains an element of personal attack that is telling. Might you yourself be colorblind? Is this something that you are willing to share with your faithful readers?

I don't think you have responded to what has really been disturbing me about my life, which is that it is taking place within a giant yellow phallus surrounded by salt water. I am deeply hurt and will

be taking my life when I finish this letter. What was it that made me follow this nebulous figure of a man from my childhood home to this place of riotous living and folly? I cannot say. But death to the patriarchy!

Goodbye.

Dear Underwater,

You seem to be attempting to escape your feelings of guilt by retreating into that narrow cell called the men's movement. Floating around in a larger-than-life phallus with your father, perhaps? Is this your idea of Oedipal resolution? to join forces with your father in his search for a lost mother figure (he was obviously weaned too early) by reveling in your maledom (ie boyhood)? Death to the patriarchy and to all "sensitive males" who are really only looking for a mother because they're afraid that they can't handle a PASSIONATE and LUSTY woman.

Long live the lusty ladies,
Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I guess you don't think I'd make a good angst poet then. All I wanted was to be affirmed; to be told that I'm OK and you're OK and that my fascination with Sgt. Pepper's blue bullwhip was really quite normal.... All right then, I can see that this medium is not doing anything for me. Maybe I'd better go commercial and THEN commit suicide to achieve this affirmation that I desire. Do you ever feel guilt, Ms. Hank?

—Inner child up for adoption

Dear Innies,

I have an outie. What is guilt but regret for having lost another lusty lady to Sgt. Pepper's blue bullwhip?

Long live the omphalos,
Ms. Hank

College, is known for her critical work, *The Poetry of Marianne Moore, A Study in Voice and Value* as well as her collection of poems and full-length manuscript, *The Smoke Tree* which won the 1991 Bluestem Award. Her second collection of poems, *Morning Star* was published in 1992.

Her poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *The American Scholar*, *American Writing*, *The Nation*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Boulevard*, and other journals.